



Losing Time by [letthestarssing](#)

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Summary: I, Jenni Hopper, vowed to never set foot in Hawkins, Indiana again. Looks like I will be breaking that promise. I'm back. Bitches beware. Banner by January Lily.

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Note~Thank you to January Lily for her help. This would not be possible without her support and beta job.

I hopped off the bus and looked around at good old Hawkins, Indiana. It has been years since I have been here. Not since Mom packed us up and we moved to California. I much preferred California to Indiana, but I didn't have much of a choice in the matter. It was either live on the streets or move back in with my dad. Mom's new boyfriend Jerry made sure of that. I could not live under the same roof as him anymore. The guy was a creep and my mom did not see it. So I left without telling anyone and bought a bus ticket across the country taking only the clothes on my back.

Now to find my dad. There was only two places where I could see him being: work or at home. I assumed the former. So, I began to wander the streets looking for the Hawkins Police Department. I honestly could not remember where the place was. As a child, I did not spend much time there. I never got in that much trouble.

I think it's on the east side of town. But it could be on the west side. Or north. South? Center of town? Yeah. I was basically screwed. It was almost a blessing in disguise that this little kid came barreling toward me on his bicycle nearly knocking me off my feet. I quickly jumped off the curb and into the street.

"What the hell?" I yelled at the kid.

The kid slammed on his breaks and turned to look at me. His curly locks poked out from under his baseball cap and his front teeth were missing. "Sorry about that," the kid said. "I didn't see you there."

I rolled my eyes. "I've only been there for the last five minutes."

"I said I was sorry."

"Whatever, kid," I said, adjusting my black leather jacket. I was trying to appear way tougher than I actually was.

He cocked his head and stared at me. "Who are you?"

"You're not on the welcome committee, are you?"

The boy stood there on his bike with his arms folded defensively.

I rolled my head. "I'm Jenni. And you are?"

"My mom says I'm not supposed to talk to strangers."

I arched my eyebrow. Two can play this game. "*Hello My-Mom-Says-I'm-Not-Supposed-To-Talk-To-Strangers*. Can you please direct me to the police station?"

He blinked several times in shock. When he finally recovered he said, "What do you want to go there for?"

"None of your beeswax. Now, can you help me or not?" I then pull a Lincoln out of my jacket pocket and dangle it in front of him. His eyes immediately perk up. I smiled. His hand reached for the money, but I pull it out of his grasp. "Answer first. Or Mr. Washington will replace him."

He frowned, but then responded. "Keep going that way." He pointed. "Take a right on Main Street. You can't miss it."

I dropped the money and let it float to the ground as the kid scrambled to pick it up. I turned and headed as he directed. I laughed to myself and wondered how long it would take the kid to figure out it was a counterfeit. Like I said, Jerry was a creep and a bad dude. But his counterfeit money had gotten me this far across the country.

The wind was blowing hard. It was a cold wind. It was not was I was used to in California. This wind chilled you all the way to the bone. I was starting to regret my decision to come back to Indiana. But I was in no position to be responsible for myself and I knew that. I pulled my jacket tighter, trying to break the wind. It was no use.

I entered the Hawkins Police Department building. The bell rang

above me and a woman sitting at a desk looked at me. "How can we help you?" she asked.

I rubbed my hands together and then smoothed my unruly hair back.
"I was hoping to see Chief Hopper."

The woman eyed me. "What is the nature of your visit?"

Before the woman can get any more information out of me, Chief Hopper walked out with a coffee cup in hand. He refilled his mug and this his eyes caught sight of me. He did a double take and then started to stare at me. "Jenni?" he asked.

"It's me, Dad," I responded as I shoved my hands in my jeans pockets

He stood there for a little while just staring at me.

"Are you just going to leave your own flesh and blood standing there?" the woman at the desk scolded.

"Right," my dad said, rubbing his face. "This way, Jenni. I got a feeling we have a lot to talk about."

He didn't know the half of it.